

Chapter 591 Taken Away By Someone

Tracy's anger flared instantly. "Leilany is my daughter. She's sick and needs stability. Just because you like her doesn't mean everything you do is in her best interest. You two aren't suitable for each other. She doesn't deserve you now, so don't come see her in the future." With those words, Tracy stormed into the ward and locked the door behind her.

Melissa approached Lukas, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder. "We have to understand where she's coming from. You must have anticipated this. How could she agree to let you take her daughter away?"

Lukas clenched his fists, his determination unwavering

"For Leilany's sake, I have to convince her mother." With that, Lukas departed.

Melissa recognized his stubborn nature, but she hadn't anticipated the depth of his resolve when it came to Leilany. It stemmed from his struggle to accept the sudden change in Leilany.

Now that Leilany was back safe and sound, a sense of relief washed over Melissa.

The problem had been resolved. However, exhaustion engulfed her like a tidal wave.

Working the morningshift and searching for Leilany had pushed her body to its limits.

She had persevered as long as Leilany remained missing. But now, seeing her return unharmed, Melissa couldn't help but relax her tense muscles.

A yawn escaped her lips as she walked out of the hospital gates, where a taxi pulled up in front of her.

Her exhausted mind couldn't process another thought. She stumbled

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A yawn escaped her lips as she walked out of the hospital gates, where a taxi pulled up in front of her.

Her exhausted mind couldn't process another thought. She stumbled over, opened the car door, and mumbled an address to the driver before succumbing to sleep.

When she woke up, she noticed the rough ride. Squinting her eyes, she glanced at the driver behind the wheel. There was a flicker of familiarity, but she couldn't quite place it. The driver wore a mask, leaving only his eyes visible.

Melissa scanned the taxi, hoping to find something that would identify the driver. Yet, she couldn't locate any driver's license or identification.

An uneasy feeling crept over her, prompting her to sit upright.

"Sir, I gave you the address, but it seems like we're not heading toward my house," she stated with apprehension.

The driver's hand froze on the steering wheel, and his eyes met Melissa's in the rearview mirror, radiating malice.

"You're right. This isn't the way to your home; it's the road to your demise!" he spat, slamming on the brakes and bringing the car to a screeching halt by the roadside. Melissa's horror-stricken gaze locked on him as he drew a menacing knife from his waist.

In that moment, her breath vanished, and panic seized her. Without hesitation, she flung the door open and bolted out, her feet pounding the pavement.

It was a desolate road with no pedestrians and few passing cars. She ran frantically along the road.

The man behind her seemed like he was in no hurry to run after Melissa. It was as if he knew that she wouldn't be able to escape his grasp.

Desperation fueled her as she sprinted toward a shop's entrance. She pounded on the door with all her might, but no response echoed from within.

She tried the next and the one after, encountering the same silence. Casting a fearful glance backward, she resumed her escape. The driver drew closer, inch by inch.

This forsaken place appeared abandoned, as if the shop owners had long since departed, leaving the building to decay in solitude.

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